O, the Diuell take ſuch cooſeners, God forgiue me,
Good Vnckle tell your tale, I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will ſtay your leiſure.
Hot. I haue done yfaith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh Priſoners.
Deliuer them vp without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written bee aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
Your ſonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed,
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble Prelate, wel-belou'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Briſtow* the Lord *Scroope*:
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet downe,
And onely ſtaies but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it: vpon my life it will doe well.
Nor. Before the game's afoote thou ſtill let'ſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chooſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aymd.
Wor. And tis no little reaſon bids vs ſpeed,
To ſaue our heads, by raiſing of a Head:
For, beare our ſelues as euen as we can,
The King will alwaies thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our ſelues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

Hot. He does, he does; weele be reueng'd on him.
Wor. Cooſin, farewell. No further goe in this,
Then I by Letters ſhall direct your courſe
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly:
Ile ſteale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Dowglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meet,
To beare our fortunes in our owne ſtrong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.
Nor. Farewell good brother, we ſhall thriue, I truſt.
Hot. Vnckle, adue: O let the houres be ſhort,
Till Fields, & Blowes, & Grones, applaud our ſport. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1. *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not foure by the day, Ile be hangd, *Charles-waine* is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horſe not packt. What *Oſtler*?
Oſt. Anon, anon.
1. *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts Saddle, put a few Flocks in the point, poore iade is wrung in the Withers, out of all ceſſe.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peaſe and Beanes are as danke heere as a dog, and that is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bots: this houſe is turned vpſide downe ſince *Robin* Oſtler died.
1. *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed ſince the price of Oates roſe, it was the death of him.
2. *Car.* I thinke this to be the moſt villanous houſe in all *London* road for Fleas, I am ſtung like a Tench.
1. *Car.* Like a Tench? by the Maſſe there is neare a King chriſten, cold be better bit, thē I haue bin ſince the firſt cock.
2. *Car.* Why, you will allow vs nere a Iordaine, and then wee leake in your Chimney, and your Chamber-lie breedes Fleas like a Loach.
1. *Car.* What *Oſtler*, come away, & be hangd, come away.
2. *Car.* I haue a Gammon of Bacon, & two razes of Ginger, to be deliuered as farre as *Charing-croſſe*.
1. *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my panier are quite ſtarued: what *Oſtler*? a plague on thee, haſt thou neuer an eye in thy head? canſt not heare, and t'were not as good a deed as

 drinke,